

FURRY (WITH ROD
DE MOUND)



LEMON
TONGUE



I PACED MY HOUSE LAST NITE, NAMING ALL THE STARS ABOVE ME

UP ON THE HILLS
PEOPLE NEVER STARE.

IT STARTED
WITH LETTERS,
A THOUSAND
LETTERS,
CONNECTED BY
MY DEAR

HEART & SOUL,
XLR CARLEZ
CONNECTED

IN & OUT
LOVE IN THE
TIME OF TYPOS,
VOICEMAILS

HERE COME
THE WORDS

OF THE
GREAT
IDEALIST.

MOTHER
FUCKERZ

THIS LP STARTS
WHERE WE DID,
WITH HOPE * FEAR.

THEN IT SPUNKS
AND PLAYS AND
WALLOWS A
LIL BIT, AND

HIS HANDS
PERFORM HIBES

STOP SMOKING I LOVE YOU

SOMETIMES I GET REALLY SCARED THAT BAD
THINGS WILL HAPPEN TO ME OR THOSE I LOVE,
WORRY ABOUT VOMIT A LOT, BUT THERE'S ALWAYS, THE
CHORD BOMJ7#11. AND, AN EADIECC UNMARRIED BOY & LIE

THINKING ABOUT THIS PROJECT, LIKE,
DEFIES ME. MY HEAD BUZZES LIKE 1000 BEES ARE TRAPPED INSIDE. UM,
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THAT SHOW ABOUT THE HORSES? AND THEY'VE
GOT, LIKE, THE SAME FACE. AND LITTLE PICTOGRAPHS, THAT GET PESTOURED
UPON THEM BY INVISIBLE GODS. WELL UM, I THINK I KNOW THE NATURE OF THAT MOMENT.



VOMIT- WRITING, CONCEPT,
ART, VOCALS, SORROW



MINISTER FOX - BASS,
OTHER INSTRUMENTS,
PERVERSITY

■ HARD TO DESCRIBE
THIS LP. RAMBLING,
IMPERFECT, VULNERABLE.
WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY
OTHER WAY. GUESS I
JUST LOVE CREAMED CORN.



-VOMIT

INTRO

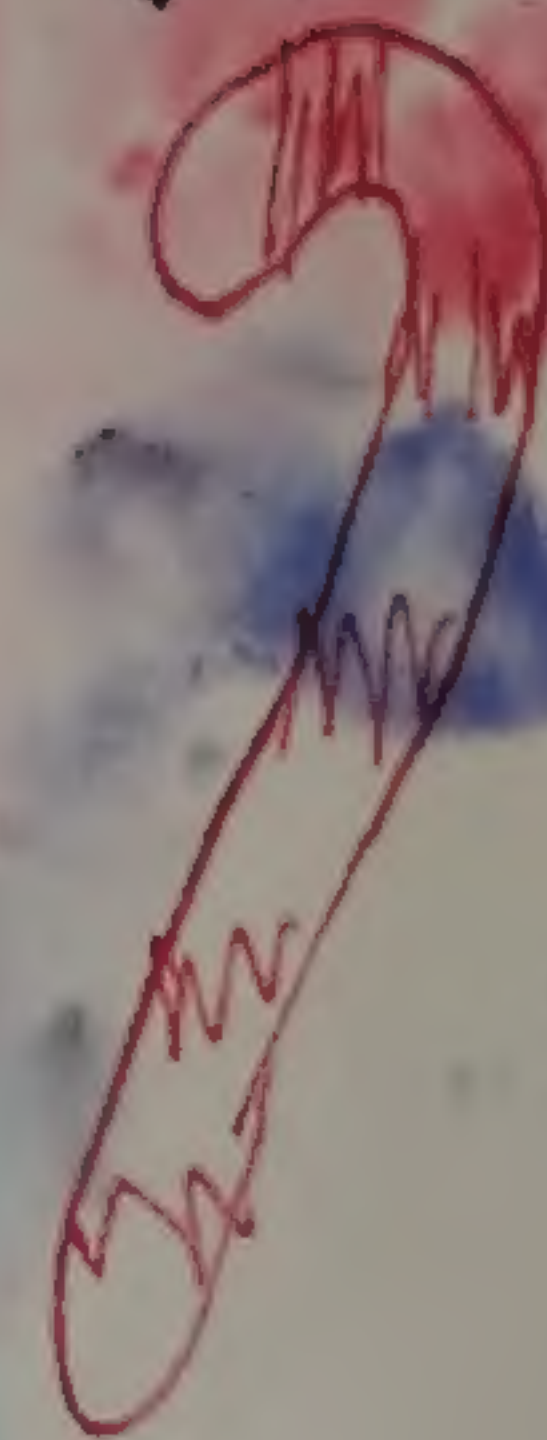
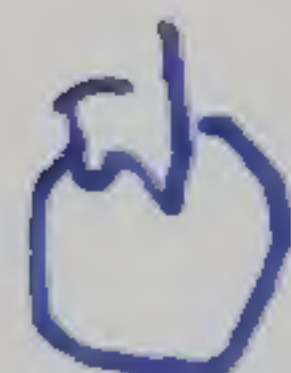
WHAT IF THE MOUNTAINS WERE ~~DO~~
CHOCOCATE AND THE SKY WAS
BLUEBERRY MILKSHAKE AND THE
CLOUDS WERE COTTON CANDY...

WHAT IF THE TREES WERE
CANDY CANES AND THE HILLS
WERE GUMDROPS. WHAT

IF THE

WORLD

WAS



II.

UNTITLED

2.

I THINK THE 2008 FINANCIAL CRISIS MADE ME A GIRL

THE FIRST MEMORY OF MYSELF CURLED UP ON THE FLOOR TRYING NOT TO HURL

DRAWING CATS ON THE COUCH AND WISHING I FIT IN WITH THE OTHER KIDS

I REMEMBER MY PARENT'S FACE OF MALAISE AS I STOOD THERE IN HOT TOPIC FINDING THE BAGGIEST SHIRT WITH JUST ENOUGH PINK TO DISTRACT MYSELF FROM THE FACT MY BODY WAS ROTTING

OH, TRYING TO FIND MY WAY THROUGH A CONSTRUCTION SITE

SAD, KICKING THE LOOSE EARTH HOW IT HURT, THEY CALLED ME A FAG AFTER SCHOOL

WATCHING COLORFUL HORSES WAY OFFER IT WAS NORMAL TO, SITTING

AND WAITING FIVE WHOLE YEARS JUST TO SEE A GIRL LIKE ME

CALLING FOR HER BRIGHT RAINBOW

MOTHER, MAYBE I'LL MEET ANOTHER IF I GIVE UP ON BEING A BOY

REMEMBER THE 2008 FINANCIAL CRISIS MADE ME A GIRL

BUT I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHERE THE DISCOURSE ON TRANS GENDER IDENTITY LIES THESE DAYS

AM I ONE OF THE GOOD ONES IF I FORGET MY PAST

AND JUST MOVE ON SHOUT OUT TO THE TRANS GIRLS NAMED VRISKA AND TWI TWI. MAYBE IF I HAD KEPT MY

NAME LIKE THAT I WOULDN'T WANT TO CRY

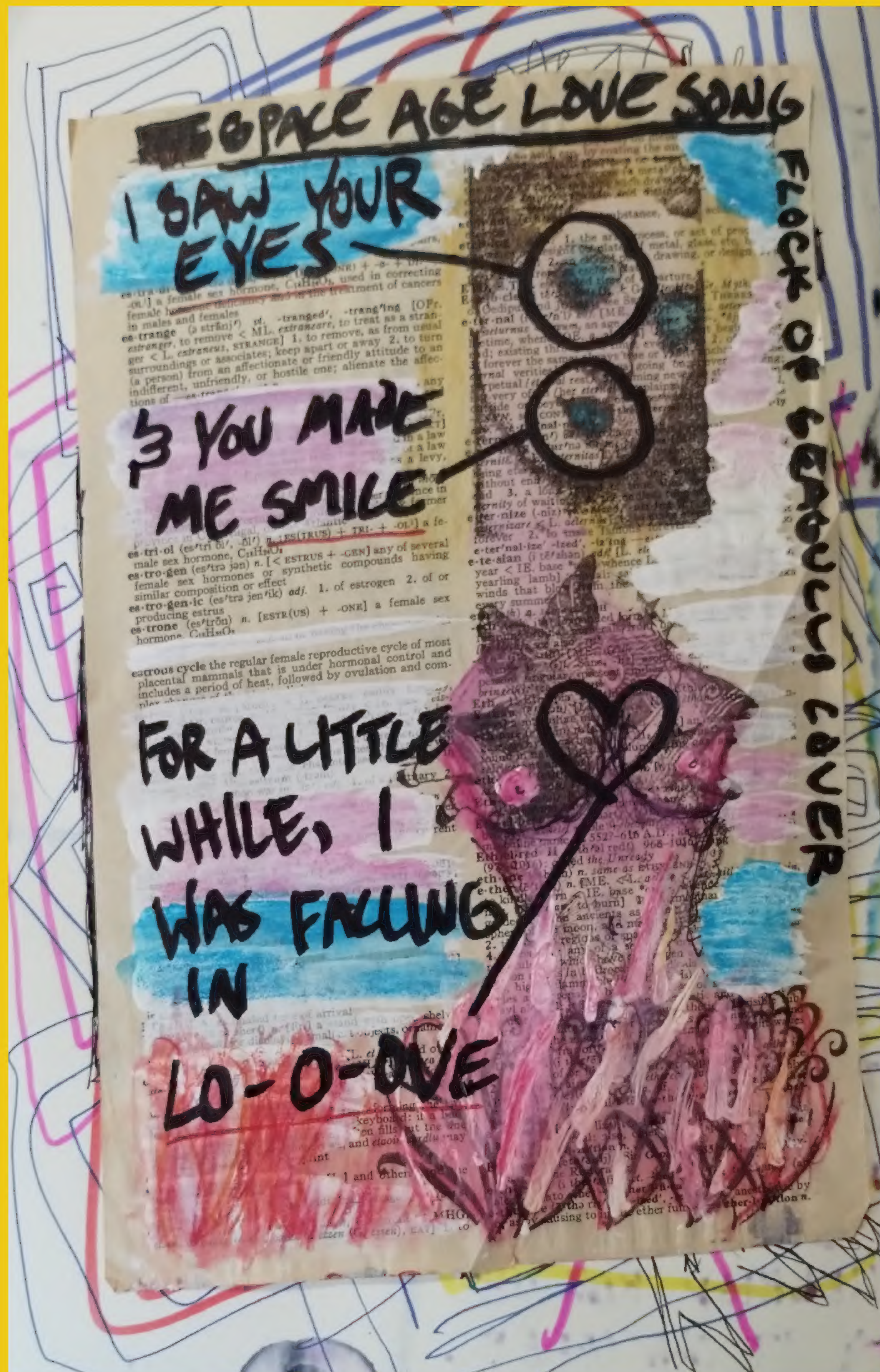
IVE STARTED TO FEEL REALLY WEIRD ABOUT THE NEED TO KILL OLD SELVES. CAUSE I FEEL IF I COULD HOLD ONTO MY PAST AND HUG HER, IT MIGHT JUST FUCKING HELP.

I STILL PICK AT MY SKIN AND TEAR AT MY FLESH FOR FITTING ME LIKE SOME FORM-SKN LIE

BUT 5 YEARS DOWN THE LINE WITH A COCKTAIL OF MEDS, MAYBE A NAME CHANGE TO ACCENTUATE MY SELF EVOLUTION AND A NEW TYPE OF HAIR ME, I MIGHT JUST BE FINE



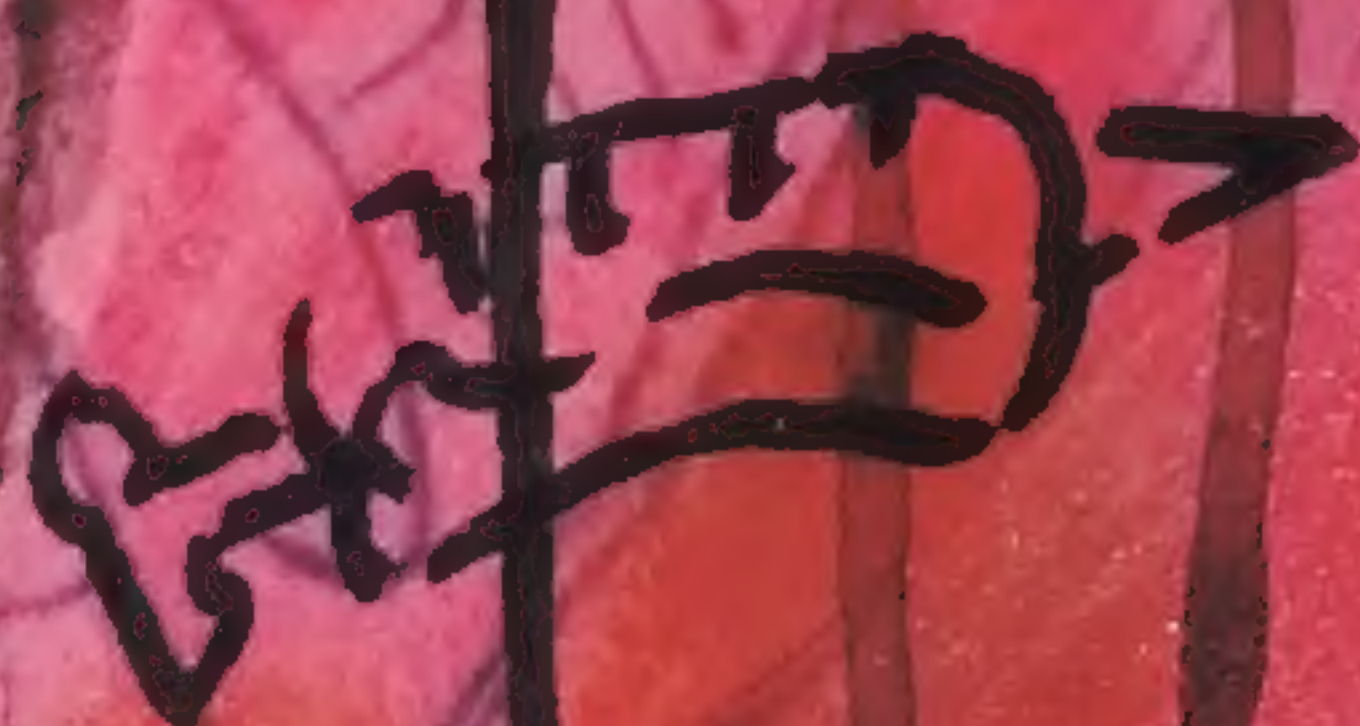
III.



IV.

NEVER UNDERSTOOD
TO BE PATIENT. YOU
PUSH YOURSELF. I LOVE YOU.
YOU SURVIVE EASILY BUT.
IM SCARED PLEASE.
DONT DIE.
PLEASE.

ENT



CANDY CIGARETTE CAPGUN GIRL

WE FOUGHT LINE DOGS, [REDACTED] OR, SOME
OTHER [REDACTED] ANIMAL, LIKE WOLVES,
CATS, OR BANDOS. IT DOESN'T
MATTER, I DON'T CARE.

I JUST WANT TO DROWN YOU IN
MY ID, SHOVING YOUR HEAD UNDER
THE WATER, WATCHING AS YOU
SLOWLY RUN OUT OF AIR
CAUSE WE COULD KILL EACH OTHER

SOMEWHAT
EFFECTIVELY, I
THINK, BE IT IN
BODY, MIND, OR SOUL.

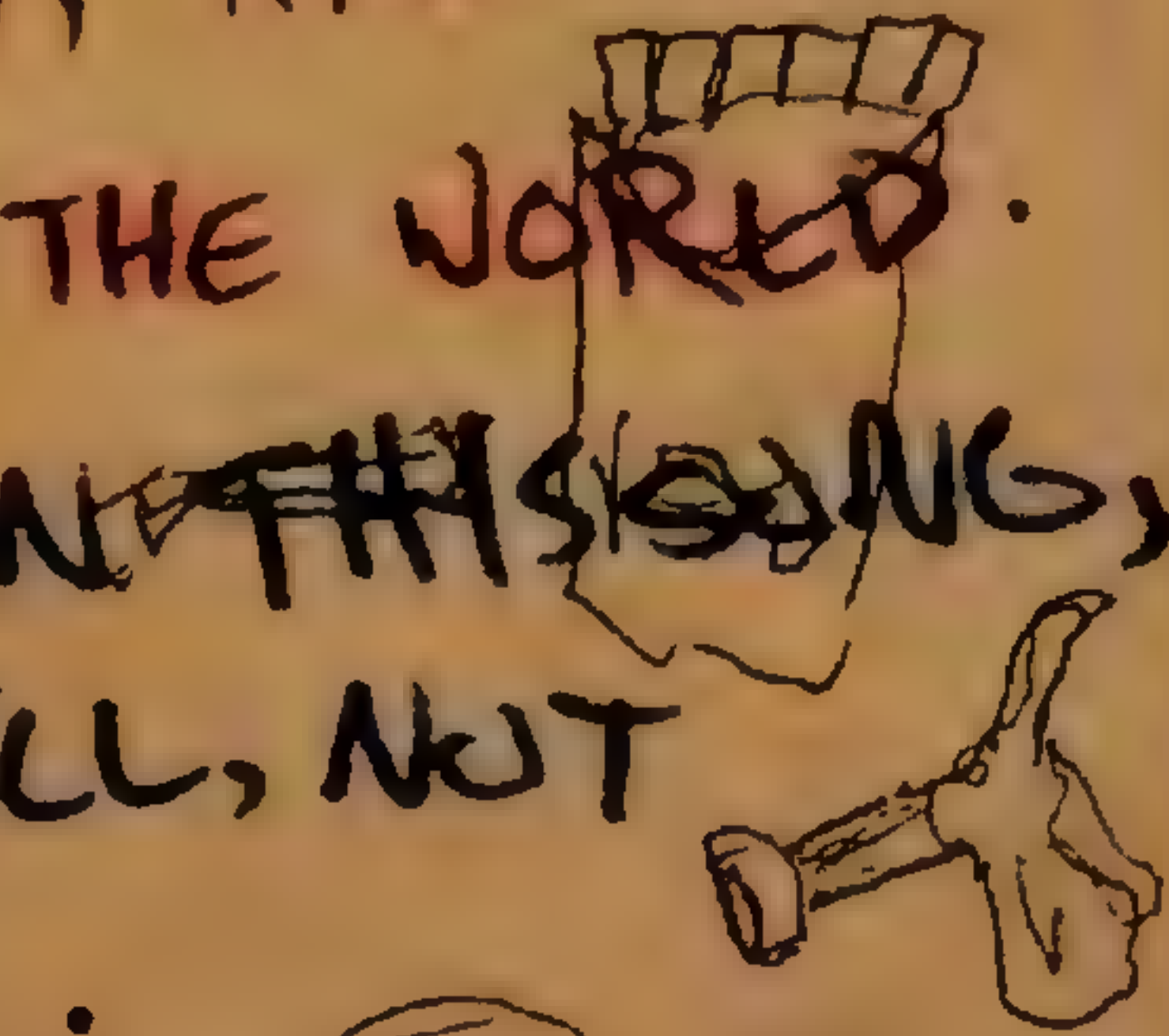
I COULD GOK YOU IN
OUR PARALYTIC HEAD
SPACE, BRUISING MY OLD
ROSE TINTED MEMORIES
OF YOU UNTIL THEY'RE



3. I HATE YOU (I LOVE YOU) MY
CANDY CIGARETTE (APGUN GIRL
I LOVE YOU (I HATE YOU), KIND OF
PERSON TO LIGHT FIRE TO THE WORLD.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO RHYME IN THIS SONG,
BUT IT WORKED OUT WELL, NOT
THAT I REALLY CARE...

THE WAY I WRAP THAT
NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK
MAKES IT LOOK LIKE A
COLLAR FROM HERE.
BUT IM STILL ATTACHED TO
LIKE A LAMPREY ~~AND~~ OUR
BODIES GLUED TOGETHER WITH A SEMEN
EPOXY

CAUSE OH, I NEVER WANTED TO BE LIKE
THOSE TWO DOGS!



CAUSE THE ONLY THING
THAT I NEED IN THE WORLD,
MY CANDY CIGARETTE CAP
GUNGIRL, KEEPS MAKING
ME WANT TO ~~SMOKE~~
AGAIN, PULLING AT MY ARMS
FOR KINDLING. TOLD ME "YOU'LL
NEVER BE RID OF ME" AND
NOW, WELL, WE'VE MADE SURE
OF IT. ~~THINGS WILL NEVER BE~~
~~THE SAME~~
HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
GO DIE,
AND HAPPY ANNIVERSARY.

UI.

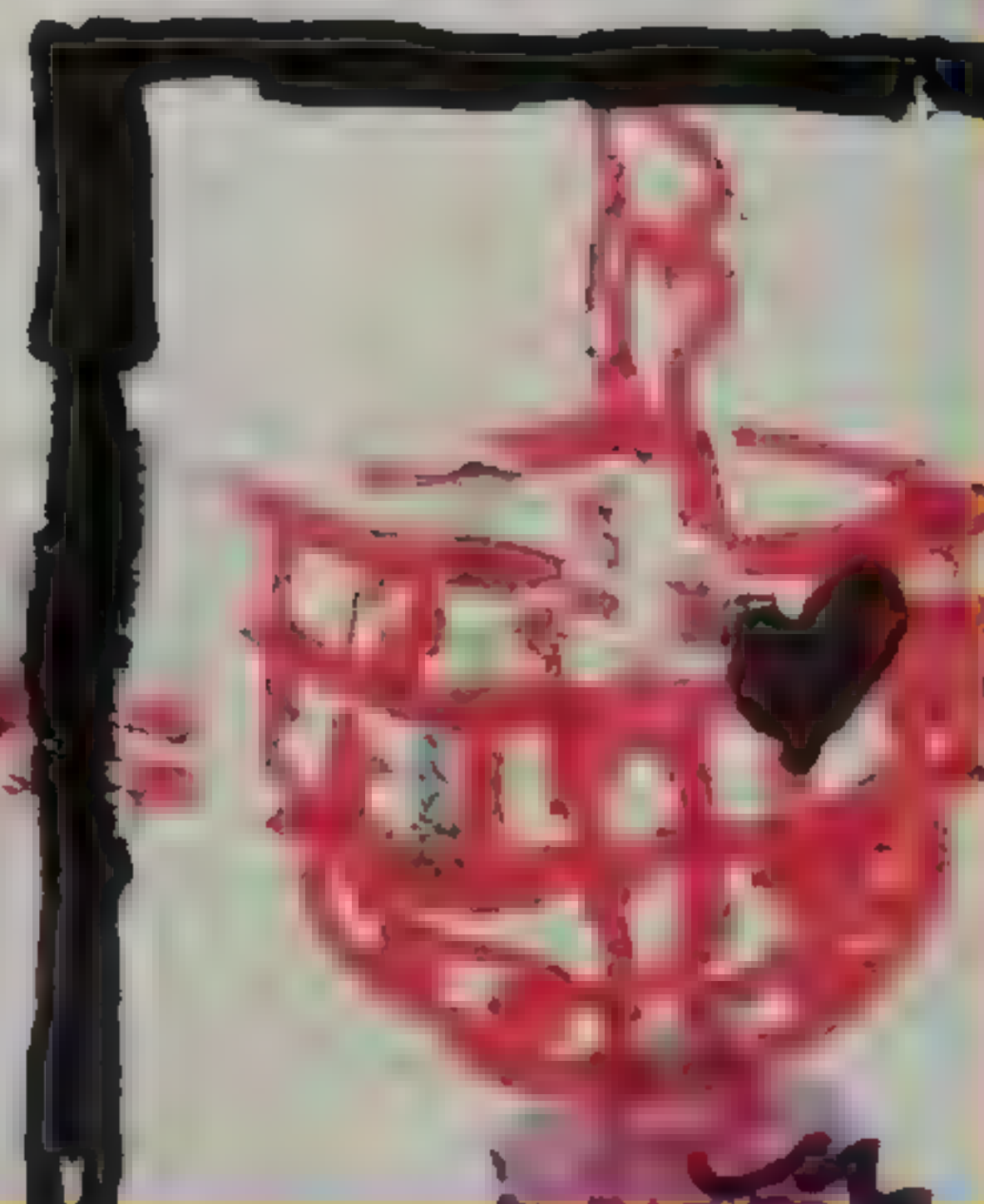
~~Me~~ PEPPERMINT RIBS
I MISS WHEN YOU TOLD
ME TO KILL MYSELF THE KISS IN
MY VIEWS AS I READ IT,

ALL I CAN SAY WAS "I LOVE YOU
OH, I DEFINITELY REGRET IT
IM SORRY, IM SORRY. I WSH
YOU'D FORGIVE ME,

I JUST WANT YOU TO PINCH ME.
HIT ME IN MY CANDY CANE
RIBS, WITH PEPPERMINT SPIRAL
AND SUGARY DELIGHTS

TAKE A BAT LET ME FALL INTO
BITS BY THE END OF
THE NIGHT

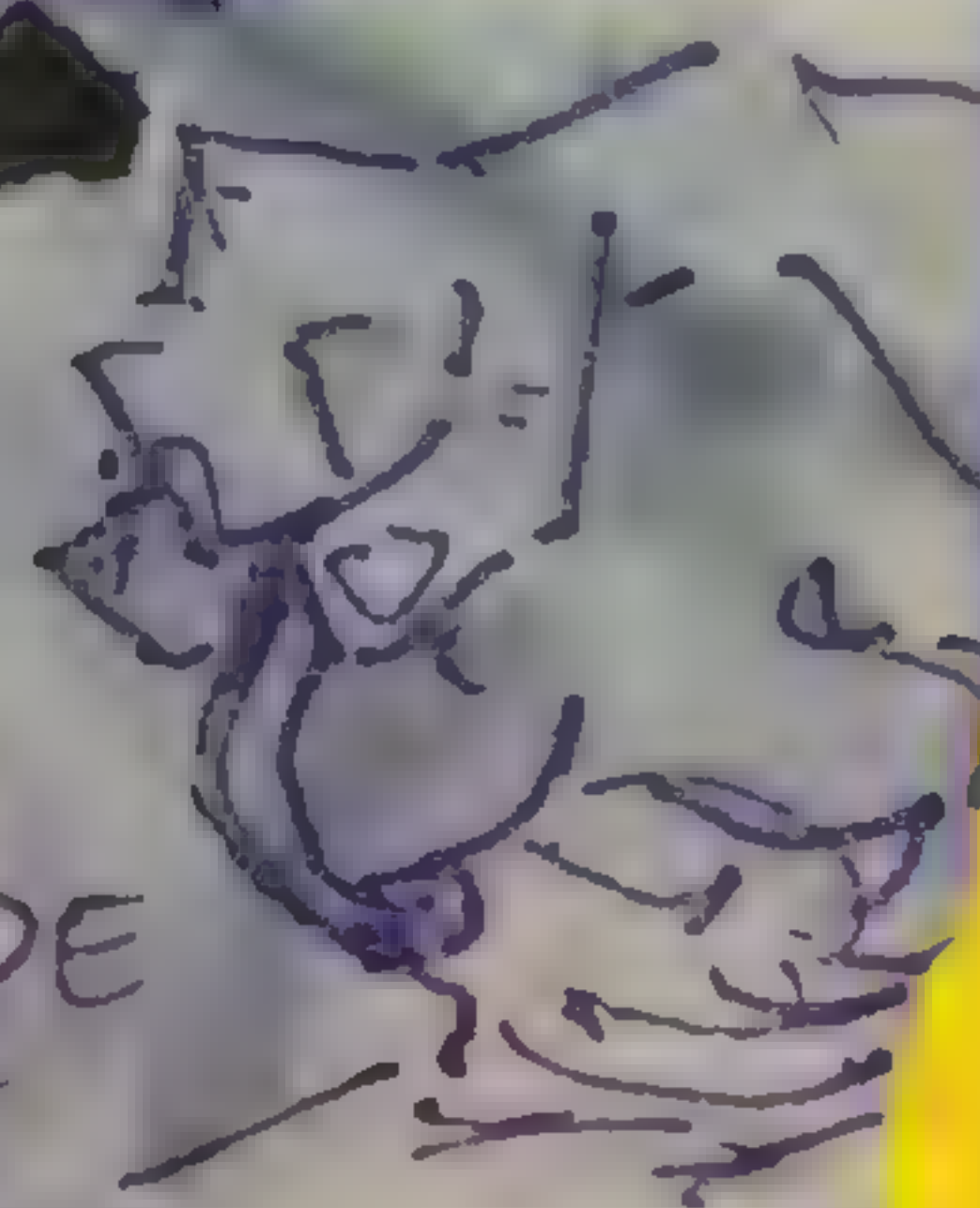
I THINK YOU MIGHT BE
JESUS



Né à Miskolc, Hongrie. A émigré au Canada en 1951. En grande partie autodidacte mais a subi l'influence de Mestrovic et de G. B. Lauder. A étudié pendant cinq mois, l'École des Beaux-Arts de Montréal en 1954. A l'aide d'une bourse du Conseil des Arts du Canada, a travaillé avec un artisan en travail sur bois à Copenhagen, Danemark, en 1958. A exposé des oeuvres de sculpture à l'Expo-

VII.

I KEEP ~~LIGHTING~~ LIGHTING FIRES ON MY SKIN
LITTLE BLUE AND ~~AMBER~~ AMBER DANCERS
MY LIPS STILL TASTE ~~THE SAME~~
A LITTLE BIT LIKE YOU
IM GETTING OLDER
BUT STILL I'M NOT WISE
CREAM CORN FROM MY RAZORBLADE
~~IM~~ IM SO YOUNG, NO SURPRISE



~~I KEEP LIGHTING FIRES ON MY SKIN~~
~~(BUT A YEAR HAS PASSED AND IM SO BROKEN)~~
~~LITTLE BLUE AND AMBER DANCERS~~
~~IM STILL MAKING THE SAME MISTAKES FORGIV~~
~~MY LIPS STILL TASTE~~ **A LITTLE BIT LIKE YOU**
~~BLOOD DRIPPING ONTO MY SWEATER~~
DO ALL FAGS FEEL THIS BAD
(I WANT YOU TO LOVE MY CIGARETTE ARMS)
SOME DAYS I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU MISS ME
(BUT IM STILL GETTING OLDER)
I MUST BE SO GOD DAMN EVIL
(DO YOUR LIPS STILL TASTE THAT WAY)
YOU NEVER SAW ME THE SAME
LITTLE BLUE AND AMBER DANCERS)



REPEAT

VIII.



IX.



THYME'S SONG,



I BROWED A WEBSITE - EGG U L L C F D
MY HAIR FELL OUT MY BODY CAME UNDONE
I PROBABLY SHOULD'VE BEEN OWNED BY NO ONE
AND STILL I'M TETHERED TO YOU
DO YOU SEE ME ACTING OUT
I'M SO GOD DAMN EVIL

I GET IT MAKES YOU MAD, I BET IT MAKES YOU MAD
I'M MARKING MY TERRITORY LIKE
AN EPILEPTIC ~~MINNIE~~ DOG

DO ALL FAGS FEEL THIS ~~WAY~~ WAY

YOU NEVER SAW THE SCARS ON MY ~~17/16/17~~

NOT THAT I EVER COULDN'T ANYWAY

SLEEPING TOGETHER WITH OUR JEANS ON

LIKE FAMILY CIRCUS WOULD'VE

I GET IT I'VE HEARD IT A MILLION TIMES

I KNOW I'VE GOT WEIRD FETISHES,

I'LL REPENT LIKE, IN A NUN COSTUME

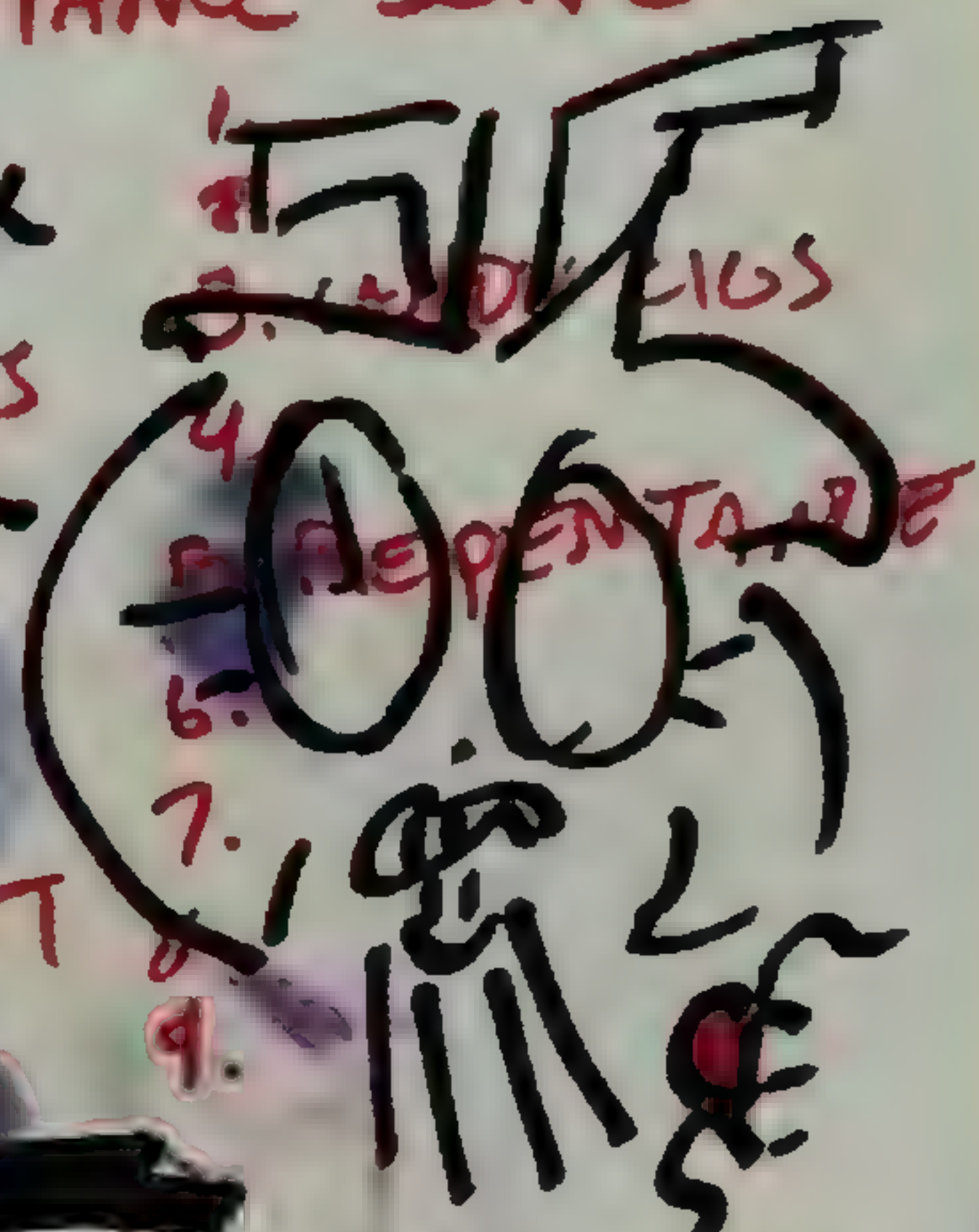
WHILE TRANNIES LIKE MY HEADSES

AKA REPENTANCE SONG

FUCK

CHORUS

DRAW OUT



GOODBYE SINNERS!
CLASSIC

LATEX IS NOT
GOOD FOR YOU

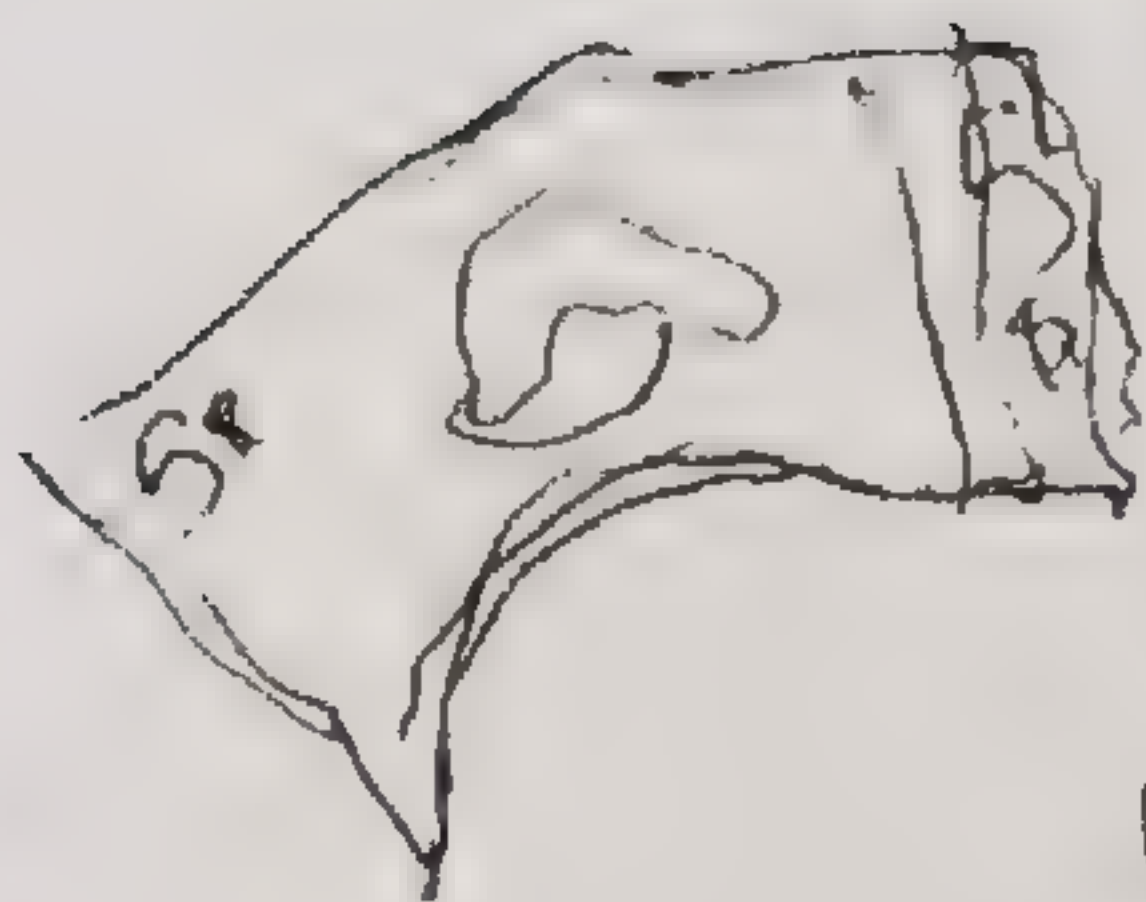
BUT I JUST WISH I COULD
DRESS IN THE WAY I WANT TO,

COSTUME

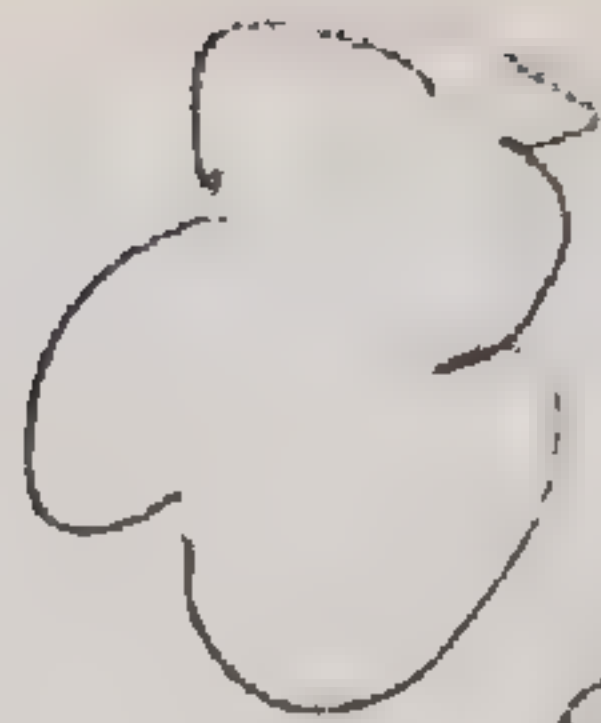
HEADSES

I THINK I GOT
IT WRONG, I WAS
ALWAYS MEANT
TO SING THESE,
WE'LL GO BACK
AND FORTH TILL
IT'S DONE

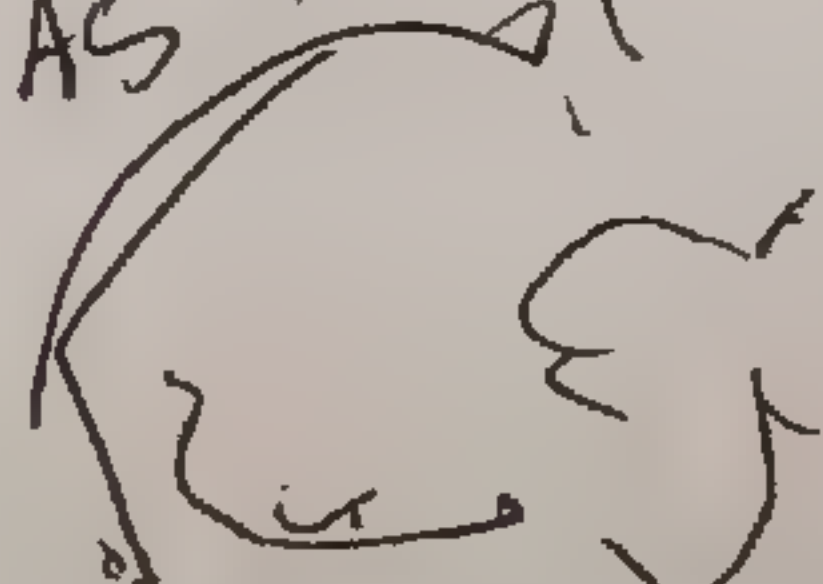
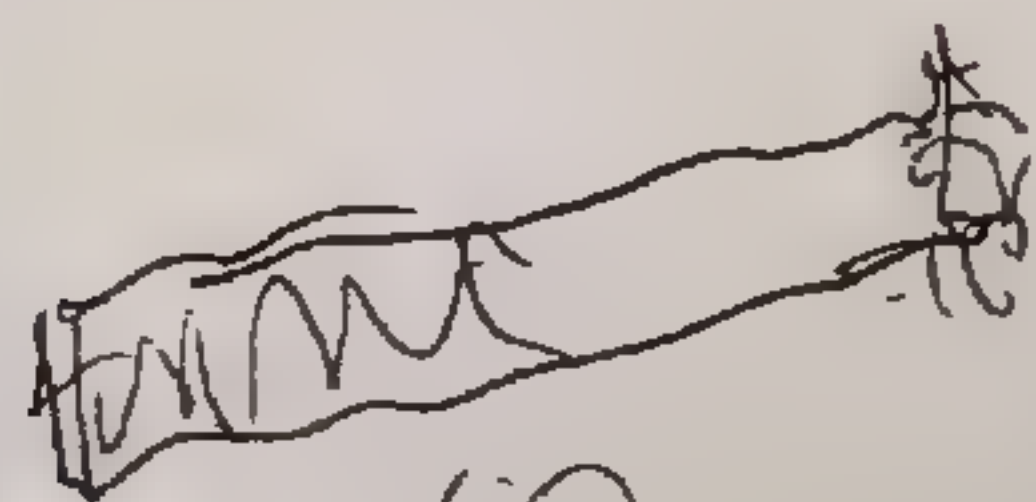
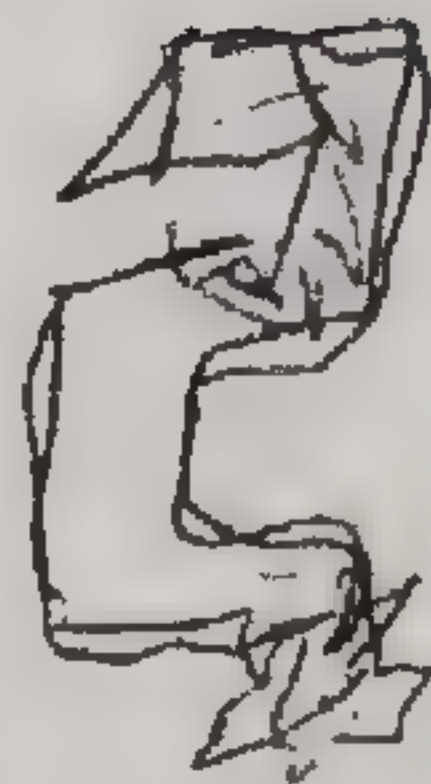
XI.



AJJ'S STILL SMOKIN' 2.



THIS PATCH IS PUMPING IT
POISON IN MY PORES
I CANT TAKE THAT MUCH MORE
THAT HELPED ME
WHEN I'M ON TOUR, ID LIKE TO LIVE A POOR WAY
AND HAVE A LITTLE MORE, WHAT A VOICE
SMOKING IS LIKE HIRING A HITMAN, FOR
A DAY, AND AS COOL AS THAT IS I DONT WANNA KEEP
DYING THIS WAY.
I'M SHAKING LIKE A TUNKE AND I'M SHIVERING LIKE A
CRACKHEAD, IVE GOTTA GET THIS FUKIN MONKEY OFF MY
BACK, AND I JUST NEED TO REMEMBER I CANT
AFFORD TO BE A BIG SPENDER
THIS IS TOBACCO AND NOT CRACK! AND
FOR SMOKING IS LIKE HIRING A HITMAN,
AS THAT IS I DONT WANNA KEEP
DIEING THIS WAY.
AS COOL AS THAT IS I DONT WANNA
KEEP DYING THIS WAY.



*FOR A WHILE





CROOKED TEETH (BONUS) BY DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE

ORIGINALLY RELEASED FOR
BUSTYS — THE LAST TRACK
WE WORKED ON TOGETHER THERE

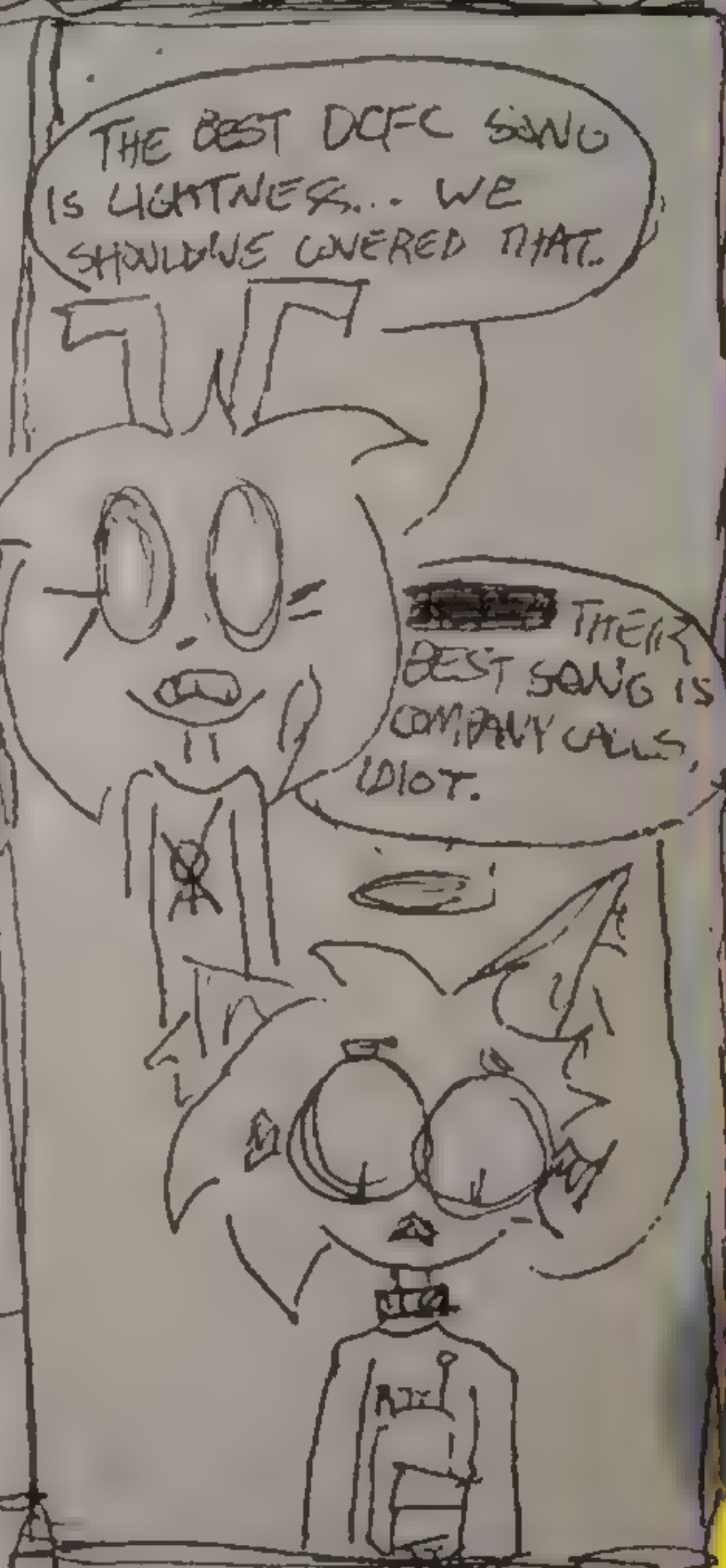
IT WAS, 100 DEGREES AS WE SAT BENEATH A WILLOW TREE
WHOSE TEARS DIDNT CARE, THEY JUST HUNG IN THE AIR
AND REFUSED TO FALL, TO FALL
AND I KNEW I MADE A HORRIBLE CALL, AND NOW THE STATE
LINE FELT LIKE THE BERLIN WALL, AND THERE WAS NO DOUBT
ABOUT WHICH SIDE I WAS ON, MHHM.

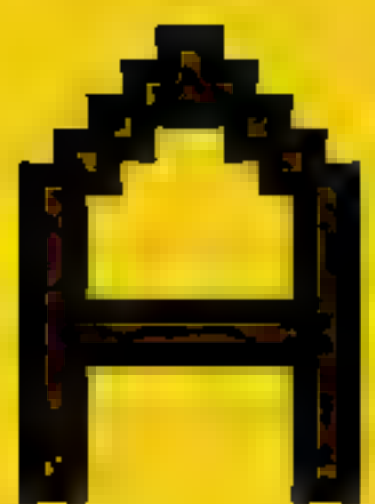
CAUSE I BUILT YOU A HOME IN MY HEART, WITH ROTTEN WOOD
IT DECAYED FROM THE START. CAUSE YOU CANT FIND NOTHING
AT ALL, IF THERE WAS NOTHING THERE ALL ALONG. NO YOU
CANT FIND NOTHING AT ALL, IF THERE WAS NOTHING
THERE ALL ALONG.

I BRAVED TREACHEROUS STREETS, AND
KIDS STRONG OUT, ON HOMEMADE SPEED,
AND WE SHARED A BED, IN WHICH I COULD
NOT SLEEP AT ALL, WOO-HOO, WOO-HOO, OH,
CAUSE AT NIGHT, THE SUN IN RETREAT MADE
THE SKYLINE LOOK, LIKE CROOKED TEETH
IN THE MOUTH OF A MAN WHO WAS DEVOURING
US BOTH.

YOU'RE SO CUTE WHEN YOU'RE SURRENDERING
YOUR SPEECH, BUT THEY'RE CLOSING THE
BAR, AND THEY WANT US TO LEAVE, AND
YOU CANT FIND NOTHING AT ALL, IF THERE
WAS NOTHING THERE ALL ALONG, NO YOU CANT
FIND NOTHING AT ALL IF THERE WAS
NOTHING THERE ALL ALONG

IM A WAR, OF HEAD VS. HEART, ITS ALWAYS THIS WAY. MY HEAD IS
WEAK, AND MY HEART ALWAYS SPEAKS, BEFORE I KNOW WHAT IT'LL SAY,
AND YOU CANT FIND NOTHING AT ALL, IF THERE WAS NOTHING THERE ALL
ALONG, NO YOU CANT FIND NOTHING AT ALL IF THERE WAS NOTHING THERE
ALL ALONG. NO YOU CANT FIND NOTHING AT ALL IF THERE WAS NOTHING THERE ALL ALONG.





THERE WERE CHURCHES, THEME PARKS, AND MALLS,
BUT THERE WAS NOTHING THERE ALL

ALONG.

ENOCHIAN WEATHER BY MINSTER FOX?

YOU'RE NOT A CLEAN SLATE, YOU'RE NOT A BLANK CANVAS, YOU WELCOME
COMFORTING ~~THE~~ IDEA — BLACK TSHIRT WITH NO DESIGN

WE ARE TWO PEOPLE WHO UNDERSTAND THE OTHER'S LIFE HISTORY
AT LEAST TRY TO, I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOUR HISTORY. YOU AREN'T
DEFINED BY IT. YOU'RE JUST A CREATURE LONGING FOR SMELLS, TALK.

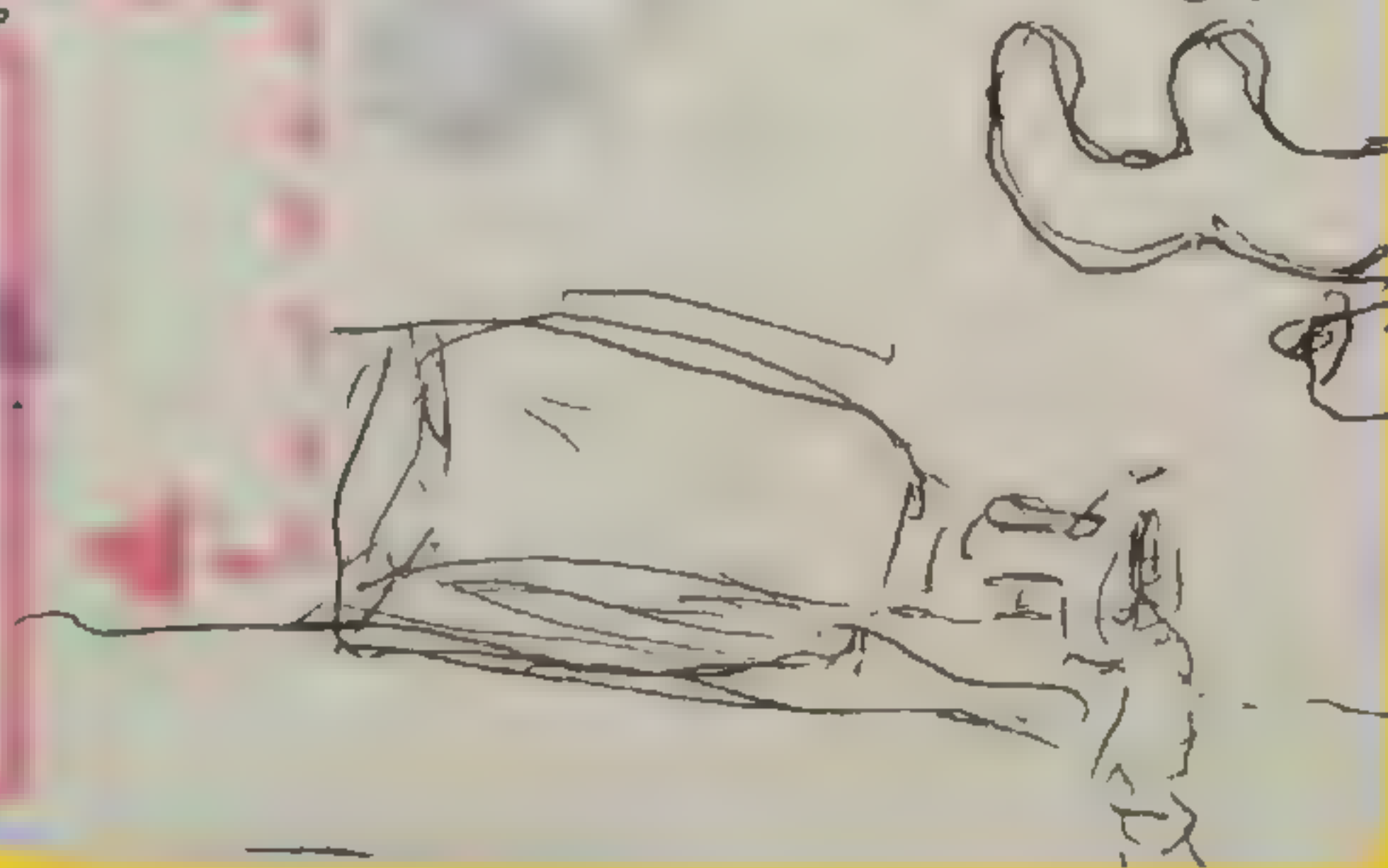
THERE ARE DEODORANT STAINS ON THIS SHIRT I'M PRETTY SURE, THE
ONE WITH THE UH, INVADER ZIM DESIGN. MAYBE A WMSTAIN OR
TWO, YOU OWN THE SAME ONE BUT IT'S TWO SIZES BIGGER,
THINK ABOUT THAT SOMETIMES, I'M EMBARRASSED BY IT SO
I SHOULD PROBABLY TAKE IT OFF, YOU ORNERY FEATHER

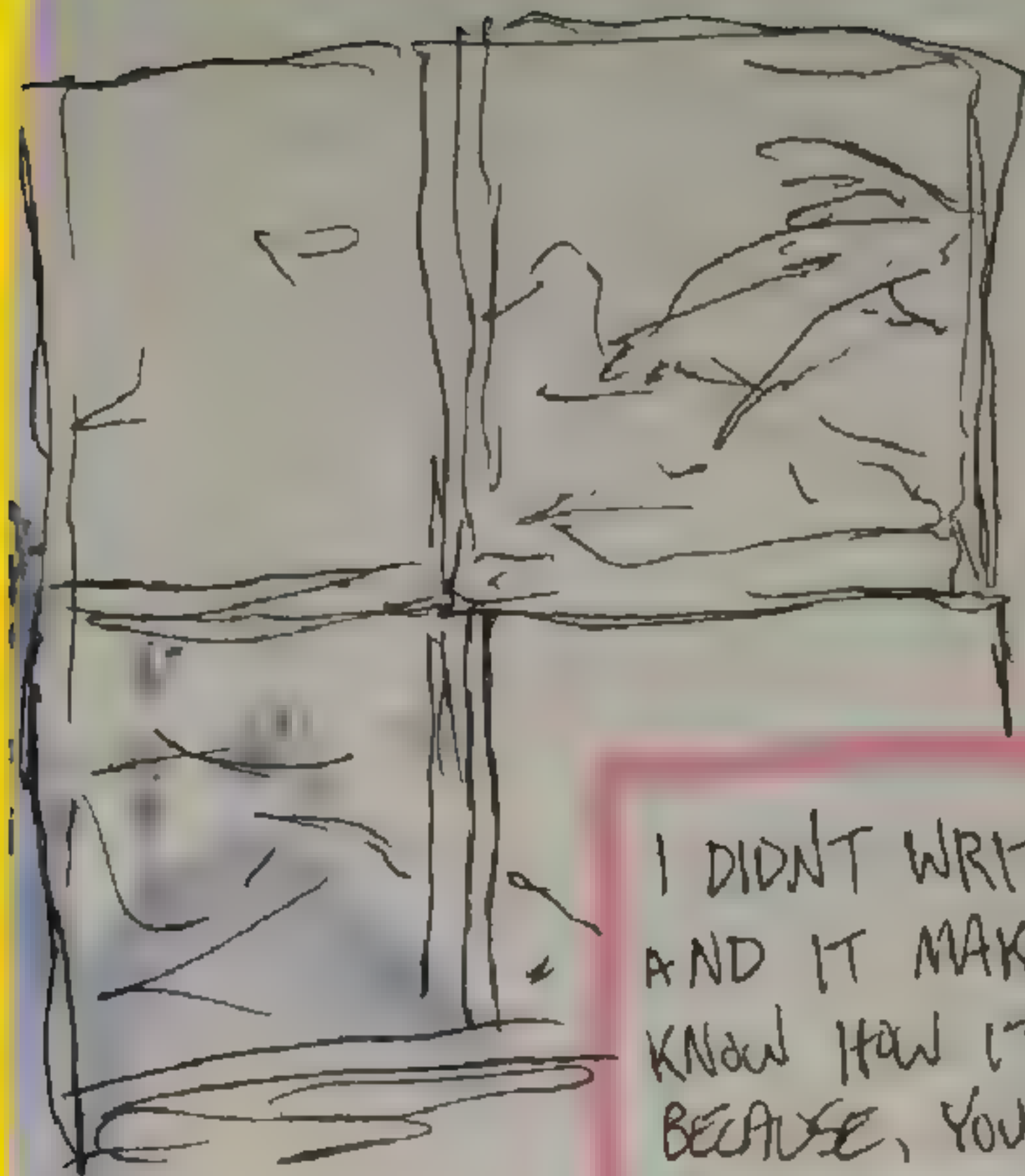
MY OWN FEEDBACK LOOP THAT REACHES AN UNIMAGINABLE ROAR
CALLING YOUR NAME AS I MAKE TEARS IN THE FABRIC. I STILL
CAN'T PRONOUNCE YOUR NAME AFTER ALL THIS TIME TRYING,
YOU CHOSE IT YOURSELF BUT IT'S ANOMALOUS. I CAN BREATHE
INTO AN ORGAN AND IMAGINE YOU THERE.

YOU ~~STORYTELLER~~ STORYTELLER! MY OWN MARY PUPPETING MY GAWANISTIC
BODY — I COULDN'T DO THAT — YOU AREN'T AWARE I JUST SPILL,
IMAGINING YOU, IMAGINING MYSELF CLOSE TO YOU, IMAGINING OUR
ARMS CLOSE TO EACH OTHER AND FUSED AGAINST ONE ANOTHER —
TWO WINGS FOR ONE BODY — AND I SAW YOUR FACE, BUT NOW
IT ISN'T THERE. OH ENOCHIAN WEATHER.

IF I COULD CRACK YOU OPEN AND DISSECT YOU LIKE THAT FROG
IN HIGH SCHOOL I WOULD, JUST TO SEE WHERE THINGS STARTED
AND WHERE THINGS MIGHT END.

TWO DEER RUNNING THROUGH THE ~~WOODS~~
WOODS WITH ANTLERS IN PERFECT
SYMMETRY, HANDS OUTSTRETCHED
AND ~~PERFECTLY~~ PERFECTLY ALIGNED AS THE
BEER STORE'S DELIVERY VAN ~~CRASHES~~
CRASHES INTO US.





I DIDN'T WRITE THIS SONG. YOU DID,
AND IT MAKES ME FEEL, I DON'T
KNOW HOW IT MAKES ME FEEL
BECAUSE, YOU'RE WRITING THE PART
RIGHT NOW WHERE I SAY HOW I FEEL.

I GUESS IT'S LIKE, BEING
USED AS A WEAPON, YOU'RE
GRABBING ME AND COCKING
ME LIKE A RIFLE AND— UH,
SQUEEZING MY TRIGGER.



AND ~~THE~~ I FIRE OUT
INTO THE WORLD SCREAMING
AND FLYING LIKE A FLARE
INTO THE NIGHT SKY. I
WISH YOU WOULDVE AIMED
STRAIGHT UP SO I COULD

JUST
FALL BACK INTO YOUR ARMS.



I WISH

I UH, GET LONELY
SOMETIMES, LOOKING
OUT THE WINDOW.

YOU WERE ON THE OTHER SIDE

IT'S THE FEELING OF COLD
WATER AT MIDNIGHT

THE TELEVISION SET

COULD BE A BOY

IT'S THE FEELING OF COLD
WATER AT MIDNIGHT

THE TELEVISION SET

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IT'S THE FEELING OF COLD
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COULD BE A BOY



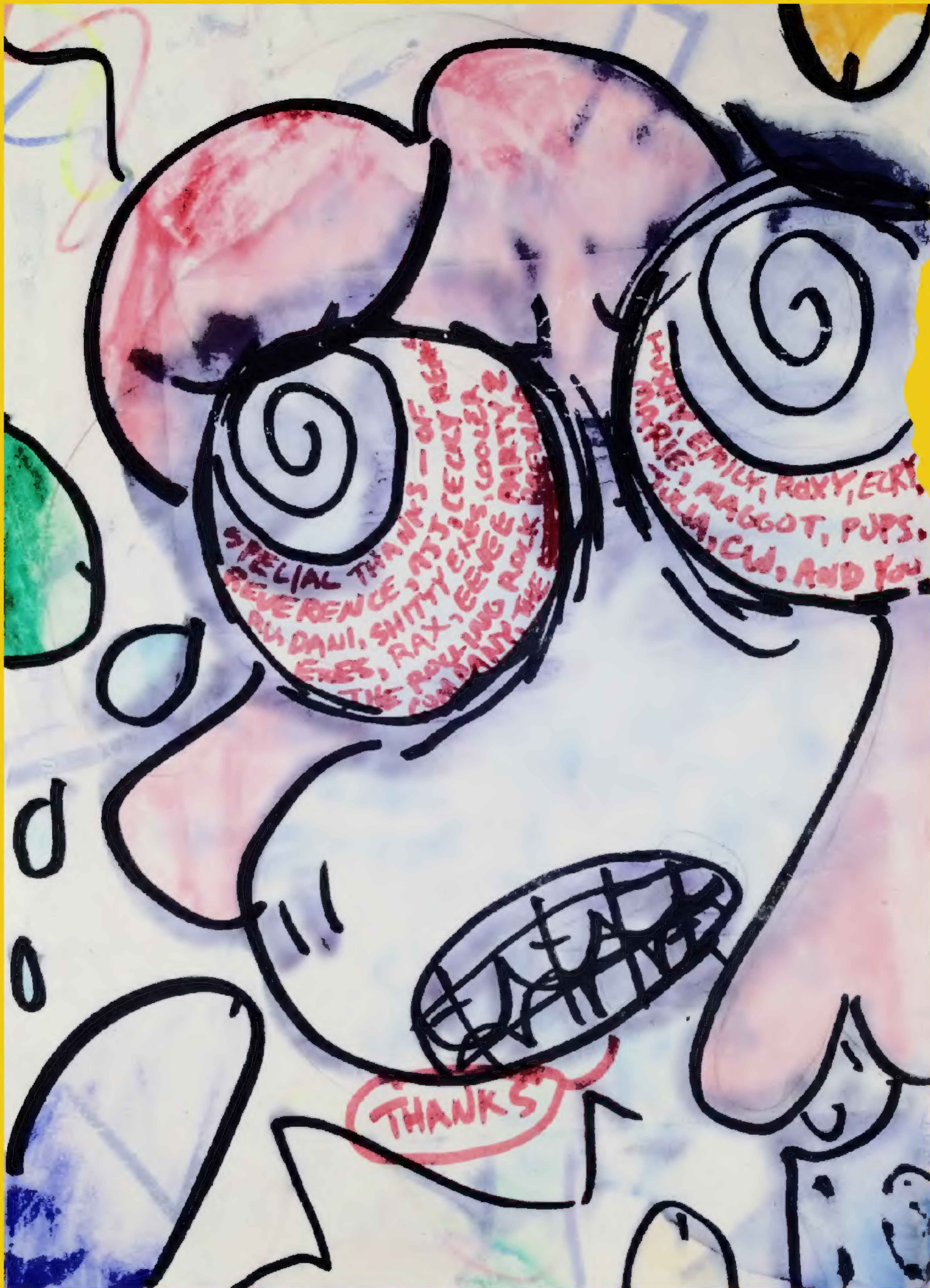
IS THIS JUST
LIKE DAN
JOHNSTON FOR
FURRIES..?

NO THAT
WAS CAR
SEAT.

SO THEN
WE'RE CAPTAIN
BEEFHEART FOR
THE MENTALLY
ILL?

SURE





special thanks - of reverence, ajj, cecily renns, ru, dani, shitty exes, cooler exes, rax,
eevee party 2 the rolling rock brewing company, the [censored], hushy, emily, roxy,
ecry, marie, maggots, pups, julia, cw, and you.

thanks.

IT WILL BE OK WE WILL NOT
DIE EVEN IF WE DO.

OH GOD,

EVERYTHING I DO
IS HEARTFELT.

HOW'D I
GET HERE.

IM A GIRL & I LOVE YOU



FURRY (WITH A ROPE WOUND) = VOMIT + MINISTER FOX

STILL SMOKIN' WRITTEN BY AJD SAMPLES BY NONE YA BUSINESS

VOMITDISTRICT.NEOCITIES.ORG

BIDDYFOX.NEOCITIES.ORG

QICK VOMIT



* INTRO

* UNTITLED

* SPACE AGE
LOVE SONG

* EMT

* CANDY CIGARETTE
CARGON GIRL

* PEPPERMINT RIBS

* AMBER DANCERS

* SOFT
MACHINERY

* TRULY DISPOSABLE

* REPENTANCE SONG

* STILL SMOKIN' ~~124~~